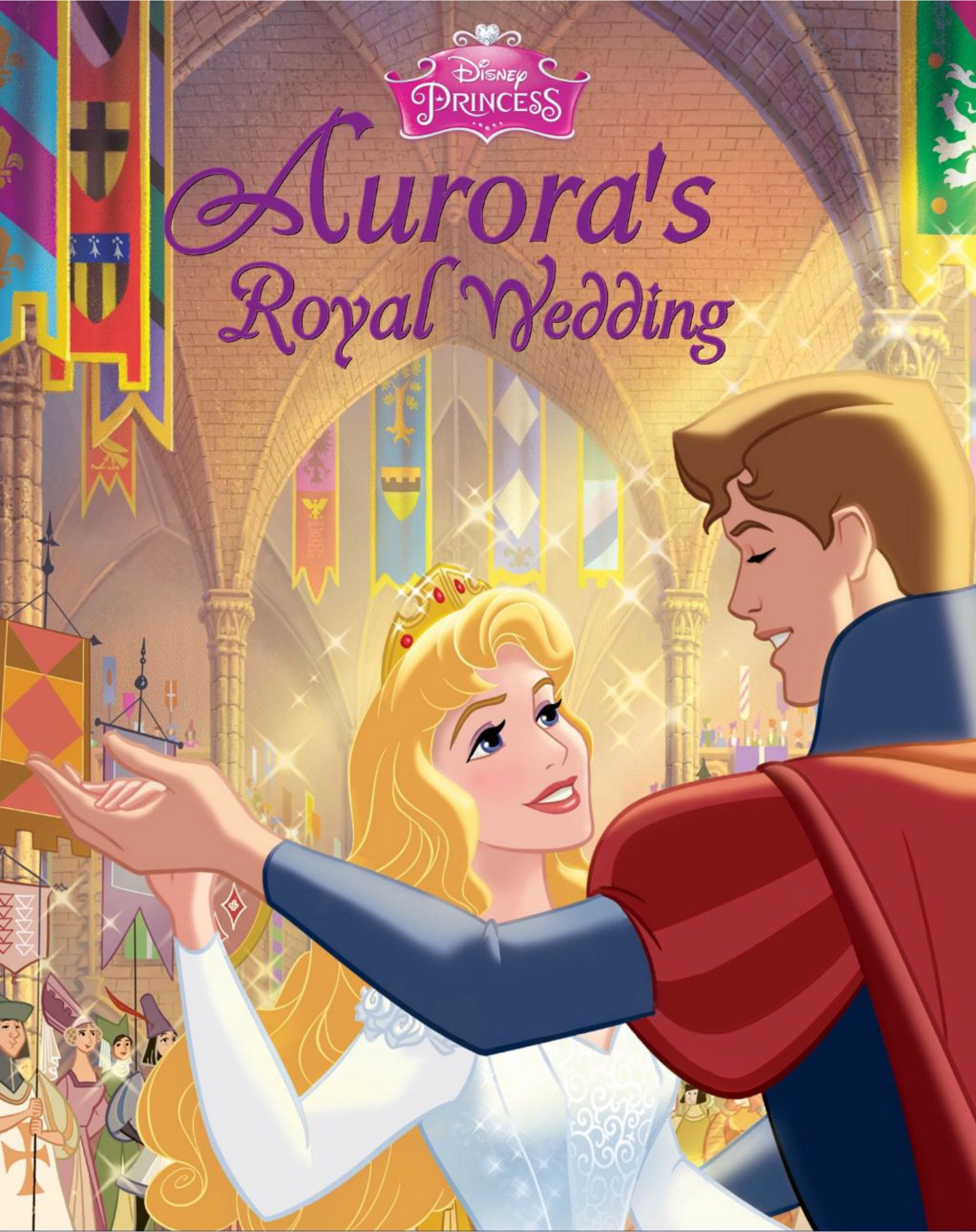
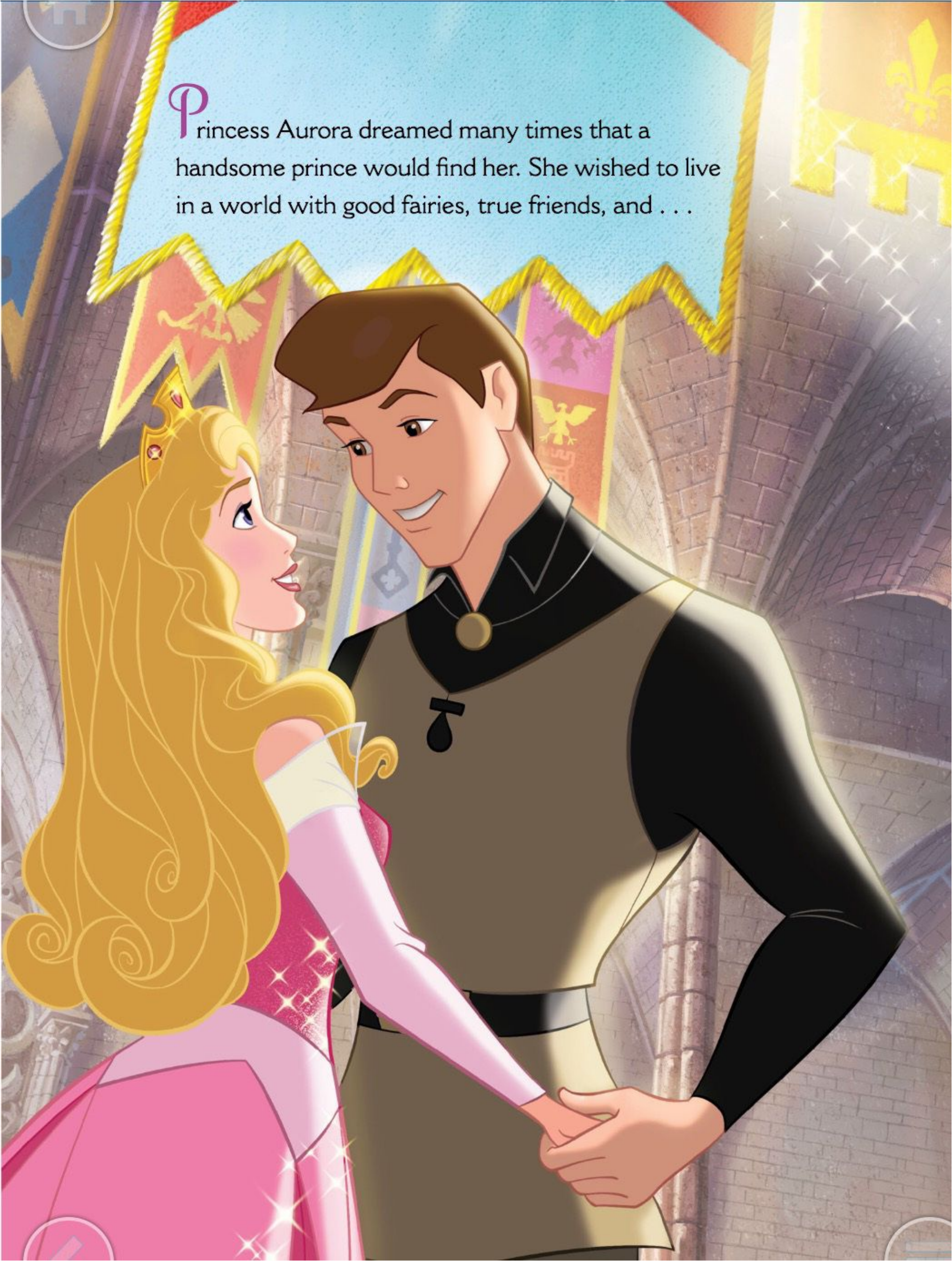




Aurora's Royal Wedding



Princess Aurora dreamed many times that a handsome prince would find her. She wished to live in a world with good fairies, true friends, and . . .



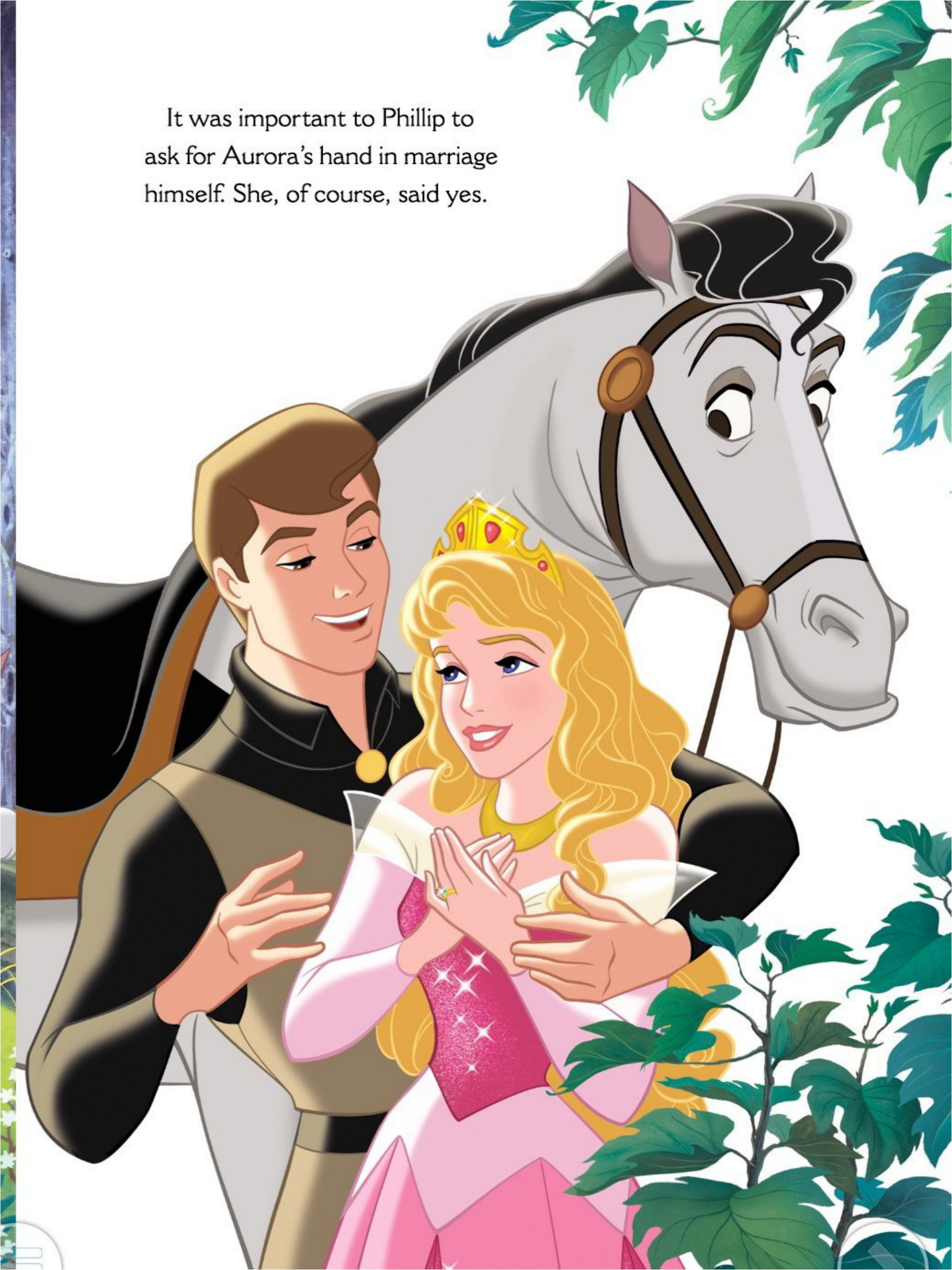


... not a single evil fairy. Maleficent and her spell were long gone, and Aurora was a sleeping beauty no more.

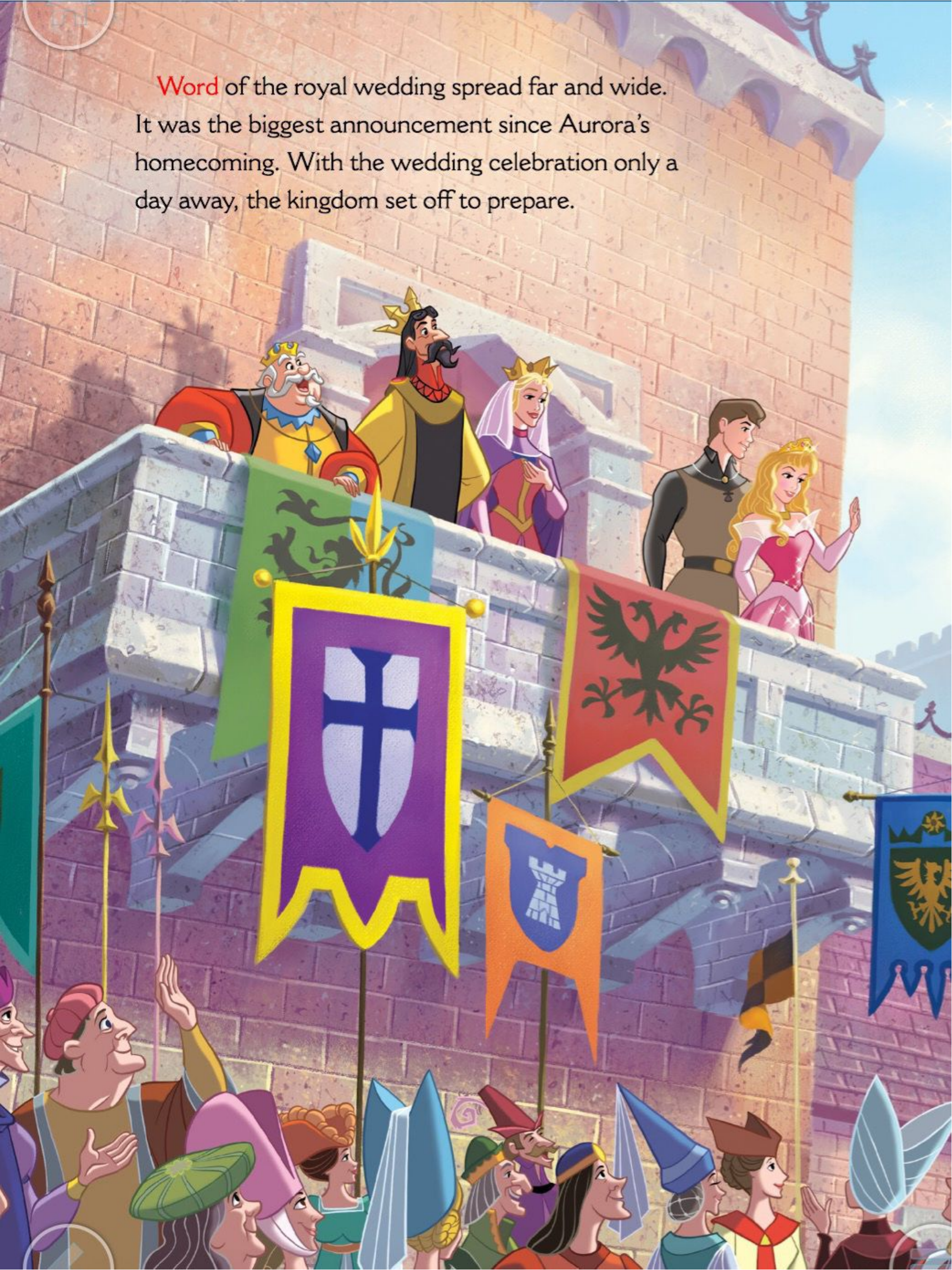


But **this** peaceful vision wasn't a dream at all. It was real! Even though their royal parents had decided years earlier that Phillip and Aurora would marry, the young couple had fallen in love not as prince and princess. He was just a boy in the forest, and she was a girl from the glen.

It was important to Phillip to ask for Aurora's hand in marriage himself. She, of course, said yes.

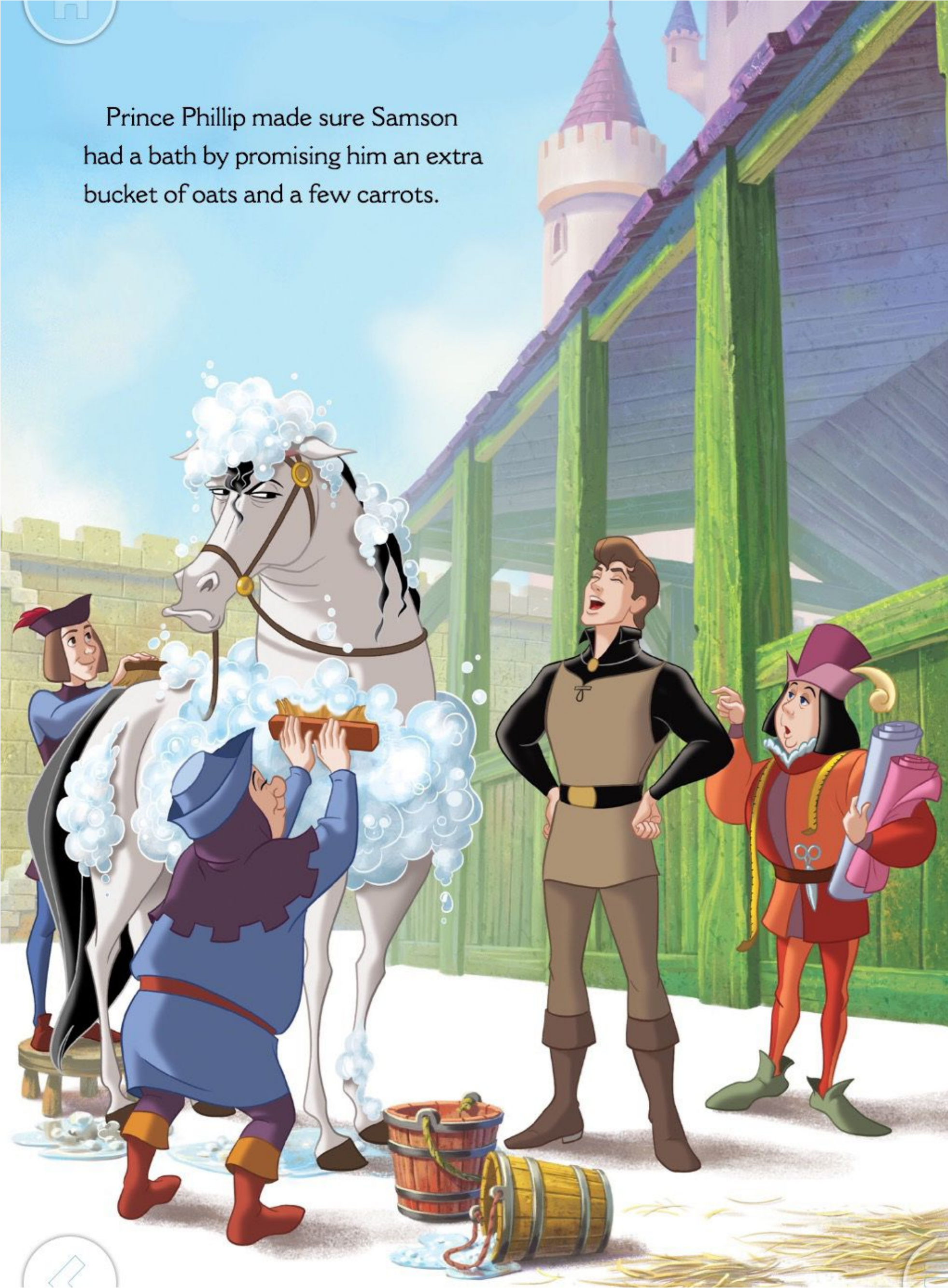


Word of the royal wedding spread far and wide. It was the biggest announcement since Aurora's homecoming. With the wedding celebration only a day away, the kingdom set off to prepare.





Prince Phillip made sure Samson had a bath by promising him an extra bucket of oats and a few carrots.



Even King Hubert and King Stefan found a job
to do: tasting treats.



“Everything seems well in hand, Your Majesty,” said Flora. The Queen smiled. “Yes, it does, and I couldn’t be more delighted to have my daughter home. I’ll leave you now, Aurora, to enjoy the fun of choosing a dress.”

“Thank you, Mother,” said Aurora, but she was feeling nervous. She had yet to make any royal decisions.





As the Queen exited, the dressmakers burst in.

"These dresses are all so lavish," said Aurora, "they'll barely fit in the closet!"

"If I may, Princess," said one of the dressmakers. "We'll only need to remove your old clothes to make room."

But these were the clothes Princess Aurora had worn when she was hiding in the forest as Briar Rose, just before she discovered the truth that she was indeed a princess.

“What is it, dear?” asked Fauna.



Aurora sighed. "I don't know how to be a princess.
What if I'm not a very good one?"

"Nonsense," said Merryweather. "Why, you'll make
the finest princess this kingdom has ever seen."

Still, Aurora wasn't so sure.



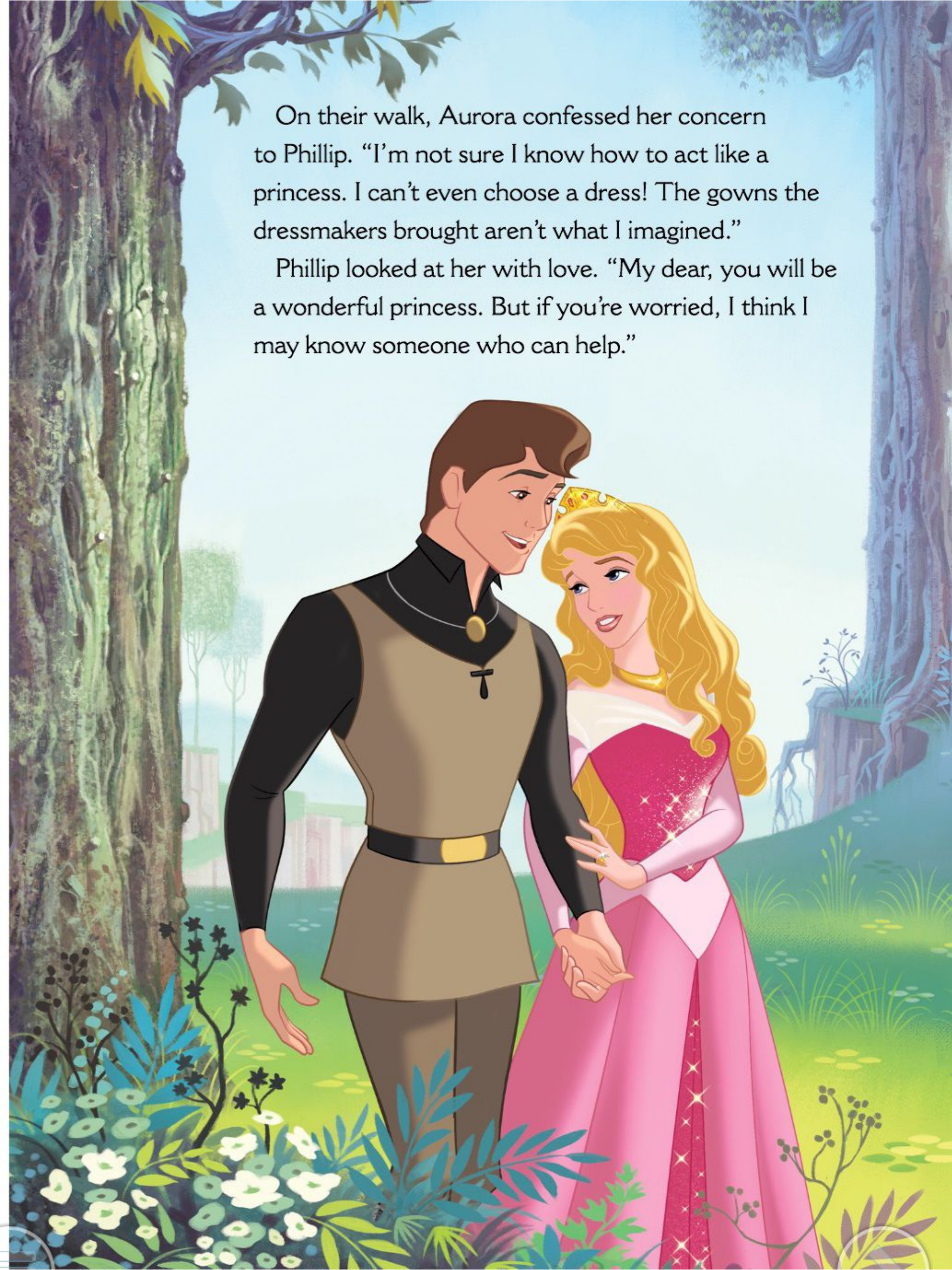


When Prince Phillip came by later, he had a splendid idea. “Would you like to go for a walk to get away from the wedding planning for a bit?”

“Oh, that would be wonderful!” said Aurora.

On their walk, Aurora confessed her concern to Phillip. "I'm not sure I know how to act like a princess. I can't even choose a dress! The gowns the dressmakers brought aren't what I imagined."

Phillip looked at her with love. "My dear, you will be a wonderful princess. But if you're worried, I think I may know someone who can help."





Back at the palace, Flora had a plan. "Let's use our wands!"
"Magic won't help," said Fauna. "We don't know how to be a princess."

"Even if we did," Merryweather grumbled, "Aurora has to feel princess-y on the inside."

Flora paused. "We should ask the Queen!"

The good fairies searched the castle. Soon enough, they found the Queen—but Prince Phillip was already with her.

“You see, Your Majesty,” he was saying, “I think she would appreciate some help—some reassurance from you, her mother.”

The fairies smiled. Phillip was indeed a perfect husband for their Briar Rose.

All together, they led the Queen to Aurora.



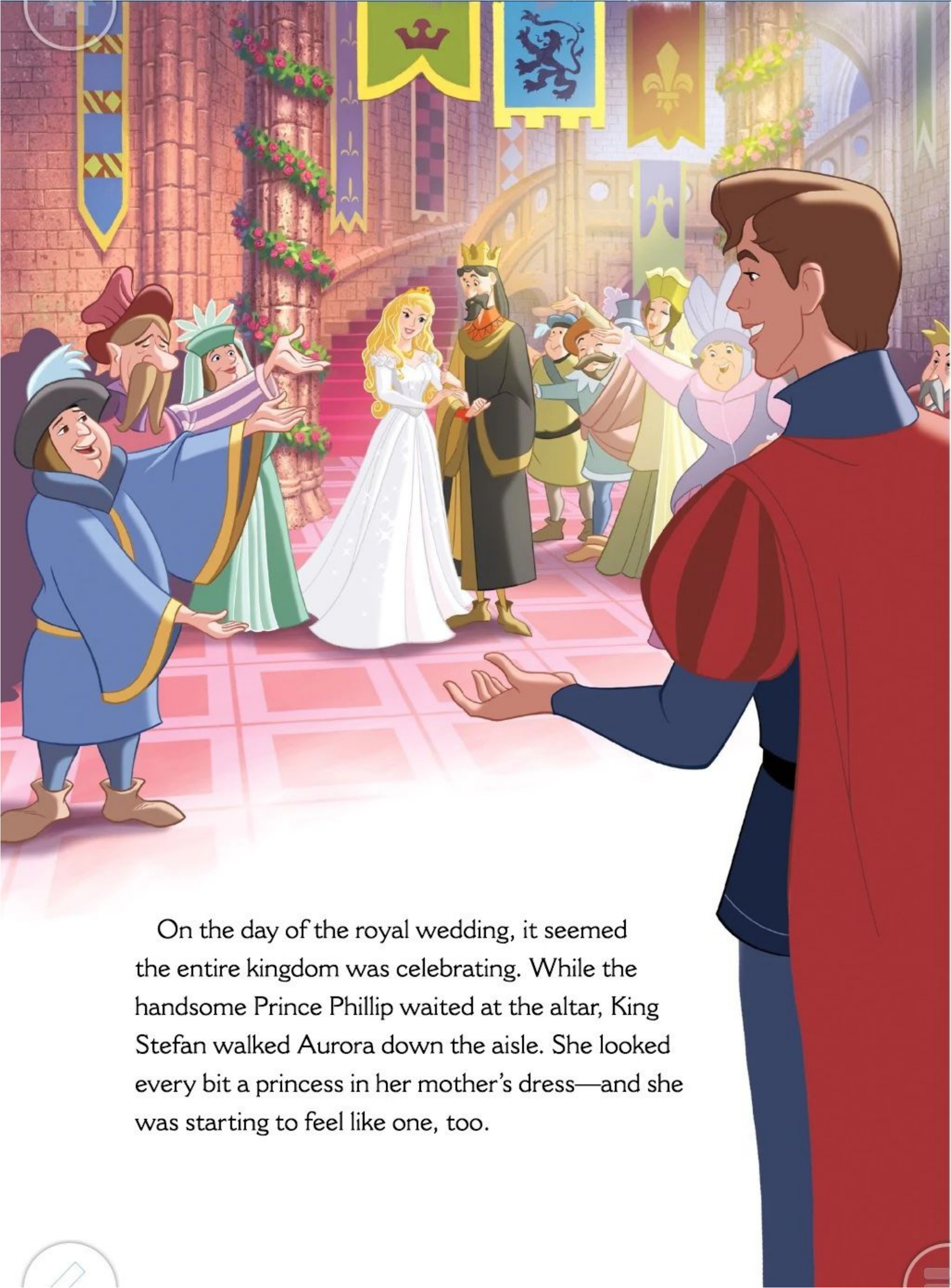
“Dear Aurora, I understand that you are worried, but being a princess isn’t about what you do. Rather, it’s about who you are. A princess is honest, compassionate, intelligent, and kind. And there is no doubt you are all of these things.”





“Oh, thank you, Mother!” Aurora said, then she stopped. “I just had an idea about a wedding dress. Would it be possible to wear yours?”

The Queen smiled. “I married your father in a simple but beautiful gown. I think it will fit you perfectly.”



On the day of the royal wedding, it seemed the entire kingdom was celebrating. While the handsome Prince Phillip waited at the altar, King Stefan walked Aurora down the aisle. She looked every bit a princess in her mother's dress—and she was starting to feel like one, too.

"Do you, Prince Phillip, take Princess Aurora as
your wife?"

"I do."



"Do you, Princess Aurora, take Prince Phillip as
your husband?"

"I do."



After the royal couple greeted their guests at the reception and shared a piece of the magnificent wedding cake . . .





. . . it was time for their first dance. As they twirled and glided across the royal hall, Aurora felt as if she were dancing on air. She was surrounded by true friends—and no evil fairies had sprung up unannounced. Even the good fairies had behaved, resisting the urge to change Aurora's wedding dress to pink or blue.

The royal wedding had been exactly as Princess Aurora had imagined . . . once upon a dream.

